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ON

IL LICIT LOVE.





O N
I L L I C I T L O V E.

Written among the Ruins of GODSTOW NUNNERY,
near Oxford.

——— Pulchra gaudet Latona Diana.
Sed vetat optari faciem Lucretia, qualem
Ipfa habuit.———
Rara est adeo concordia Formæ
Atque Pudicitæ. JUVENAL.

By J O H N B R A N D, A. B.
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MDCCLXXV.



ADVERTISEMENT.

GODSTOW is at present a Ruin on the Margin of the Isis, at a small distance from Oxford. It was formerly a House of Nuns, famous perhaps on no account so much as for having been the Burial-place of Rosamond, daughter of Lord Clifford, the beautiful Paramour of Henry the Second. This Monarch is said to have built a Labyrinth at Woodstock to conceal her from his jealous Queen, who, during his Absence, when he was called away by an unnatural Rebellion of his Sons, at the supposed Instigation of their Mother, found means to get Access to her, and compelled her to swallow Poison. Frequent Walks in this delightful Recess, sacred to the Moments of Contemplation, suggested the following Thoughts, for the Publication of which, let the alarming Progress of Lewdness, and consequently of Licentiousness of Manners, which indeed threatens the Dissolution of our State, be accepted as an Apology.

28 AU 62

O N

ILLICIT LOVE.

Ἦν γάμος, ἀλλ' ἀχόρευτος ἦν λέχος, ἀλλ' ἄτερ ὕμνων.

MUSÆUS.

THE moral Muse, from yon monastic shade,
Where frown the Tow'rs by envious Time decay'd,
Invites my footsteps from the flow'ry plain,
And calls from Folly's rout to Fancy's train.

O hallow'd Haunts! where Genius loves to stray,
Where silver Isis winds her murm'ring way:
Whence seen from far, aspiring to the skies,
The awful Fanes of BRITISH ATHENS rise:
Where, thro' her reeds, a path as we explore,
Some startled Halcyon seeks the farther shore:

B

And

And all her woods, and winding groves among
 The lonely Philomela swells her song:
 Around; thy verdant olives, PEACE! arise;
 Thy radiance, LEARNING! shines to distant skies!

O sacred scenes! Remembrance shall renew,
 And Fancy's eye with frantic bliss review!
 Soon shall I cease to linger with delight,
 And 'mid your willows meet a noon-day night;
 Doom'd on thy banks, commercial Tyne! to roam,
 Where lev'ling PHRENZY finds her fav'rite home;
 Where crost AMBITION, curling all she hates,
 (Ah dark Disturber of the peace of states!)
 Misleads with lies an undefining train,
 And drags THE MANY in her magic chain.
 Where PARTY rages, with her Gothic pow'rs,
 Nor spares the Muse's shade, nor Sion's bow'rs;
 Her rankling spleen some vilest Trash betrays,
 That, meant for malice, proves the highest praise:
 Her lewdest Libels court the public shame!
 Her base Assassins wound each envied name!

Pleas'd

Pleas'd I renew my walks by Ifis' stream,
 Indulging Fancy's sweet extatic dream:
 In learned ease with devious steps I stray,
 Where lonely CONTEMPLATION points my way:
 The sedgey margin oft her step retains,
 When sober Ev'ning frees the servile swains;
 A soften'd smile unbends her brow austere,
 Serenely grave, and pleasingly severe!
 Retarded now 'mid GODSTOW's walls she stands;
 Walls fam'd of yore! the work of pious hands!
 Of ages past each distant deed appears,
 And rise the scenes of long elapsed years
 In her revolving mind. Tears fill her eyes,
 While Henry's woes and Rosamund's arise:
 Woes! that still warn us from this Wreck of Time;
 A frailty fam'd and far-renowned Crime!

Ah hapless Maid! th' ætherial Pow'r began,
 (While pensive sadness thro' my bosom ran!)
 What mov'd thee first thy Fathers to disgrace?
 The boast and brand of Clifford's noble race!

Cou'd

Cou'd icy Age thy youthful breast inspire,
 Or e'er grey hairs enkindle green desire?
 Love's living smile Ambition's frowns devour,
 And Pleasure flies the rude embrace of Pow'r.
 Could Henry's Crown a charm so pow'rful prove,
 To blanch the negro front of lawless love?
 Too justly blam'd! to blast whose fame conspire
 A Lover old, wrong'd Queen, and injur'd Sire!

I see the Father tear his hoary hairs,
 And beat a bosom, rack'd with hopeless cares;
 Invoke high Heav'n on Henry's head to show'r
 The vengeful lightnings of incensed Pow'r:
 Bare the red arm against th' adult'rous flame,
 And hide in dust a darling daughter's shame!

The pray'r's preferr'd—Nor ever move in vain
 The holy lips of Age, incens'd by pain.
 War's stern alarms their infant loves annoy,
 And black remorse succeeds the blaze of joy.
 In vain has Woodstock rear'd her haughty tow'rs,
 In vain immur'd thee in meand'ring bow'rs:

Eludes

Eludes no lab'rinth Guilt's intrusive eyes,
And CONSCIENCE follows wheresoe'er she flies !

How chang'd by absence * ev'ry Haunt remains !
The scene of pleasures past, of present pains !
There mourn, frail Maid! till o'er the murky gloom,
Repentance shine to mitigate thy doom :
By Man unheard, unwept, and unforgiv'n,
The mercy Earth denies, draw down from Heav'n !

The dark retreats stern Jealousy explores,
Fate's clue conducting thro' the mazy doors !
See Guilt at once and injur'd Love arraign,
While Pity pleads and Mercy moves in vain !
Nor sighs, nor pray'rs, nor tears in torrents shed,
Avert the doom from her devoted head,
Till Poison's spumy bowl aveng'd the spotted bed !

Here paus'd the Pow'r! and having glean'd her store
From ages *past*, to *future* fram'd her lore.

C

Be

* This alludes to the wars in Normandy, which called Henry away, soon after the commencement of this unhappy amour.

Be warn'd ye Fair! (she cried) by Clifford's fate,
 What vengeful woes on lawless love await!
 The phantoms, Fairy Pleasure rais'd, shall fall,
 And soon her luscious sweets be dash'd with gall!
 Still Pleasure flies from Guilt on flitting wings,
 And 'mid her flow'rs the serpent Sorrow stings!

Transcribe the Tale*, that on this wall is wrought,
 The Tablet hangs a Toilette for your thought!
 Here look,—nor to those flatt'ring mirrors fly,
 Where souls are poison'd by the pleasur'd eye;
 Nor vainly wish, to future fortunes blind,
 Lucretia's face, without her fairer mind!

Think then! and from the crime let thought restrain,
 For transient joys, what lasting ills remain!
 The fall in vain from Honour's height you mourn;
 In vain with tears to ruthless Man you turn:
 As soon the streams that down the valleys stray,
 Shall backwards to their fountains force a way!

Sooner

* The History of Rosamond inscribed on the wall of the chapel, which is now converted into a stable.

Sooner shall Frost its freezing pow'rs forego,
 And Afric's foot be chang'd to Europe's snow,
 Than blasted Beauty shall its bloom regain,
 Or female Honour foil'd, remove the stain!

O think! as o'er th' insidious Glafs you lie,
 When conscious Pleasure sparkles in the eye!
 When Caution sleeps, and to th' unguarded mind,
 Conceit and Pride an easy entrance find!
 How Sense shall surfeit o'er the fairest face,
 If Minds too mix not in the warm embrace!
 How soon the vivid flush of Beauty flies!
 Tho' Blossoms please us, 'tis the Fruit we prize!
 With care, O cultivate in earliest youth,
 Perennial charms, Faith, Modesty, and Truth!
 Charms! that surviving Beauty's boasted claim,
 Rise phoenix-like from the funereal flame!
 Of equal worth, no earthly good is told;
 Golconda's gems, nor all Peruvia's gold!

Still

Still BRITAIN boast, by circling waves embrac'd,
Her young men valiant, and her maidens chaste!

No more on Fashion's frothy Tide be borne,
But stem the Torrent you alone can turn:
No more with smiles the Rake's lewd wishes fan,
Refuse of stews and reliques of the man!
With coy reserve th' insidious Villain view;
False to himself, can he have faith to you?

The Fopling's fond impertinence despise,
And blast his hopes with your disdainful eyes:
To him in vain your rival charms are shewn;
Narcissus-like he loves himself alone!

'Gainst Vice in vain Religion still inveighs,
While Passion sleeps nor heeds th' unmoving lays:
From BEAUTY's lips the living lore would charm,
And coldest Unbelief with Ardor warm;
Her chast'ning pow'r the Scorners' pride would own,
And Atheists tremble at her angel frown:

(II)

Thro' Error's maze a Leader she would prove,
And light the Lamp of pure celestial Love?

On Thule's heathy heights see VIRTUE stand,
With ling'ring looks, prepar'd to leave the Land!
To waste in northern night the lonely hour,
And mourn 'mid Hecla's caves her ravish'd pow'r:
See fond Affection warn her e'er she flies,
And turn to you her supplicating eyes;
Where Hope still struggles thro' each chrystal Tear,
That watry shines, and streaks the gloom of Fear!

Recall her with your smiles, confirm her reign,
The trait'rous Rival of her empire slain!
For yours, for Albion's sake retard her flight;
When Virtue sets, 'tis Beauty's blackest night.
In vain you'll mourn the absence of her ray,
To ruthless Lust an unresisting Prey!
Find civil Order to Confusion hurl'd,
And mental Darkness overwhelm the world!

D

Again

Again from Lust War's fatal flame shall blaze,
 And other HELENS future Troys shall raze;
 Soon sick'ning Nature find th' abortive grave,
 And sink like Sodom in Perdition's wave!

Nor thou, fond Youth! with boiling blood elate,
 Ah! heedless of the gath'ring storms of Fate!
 With sophist fuel heap the blazing fire,
 Nor plead th' ungovern'd rage of rapt Desire!
 Desire, new-born in the impassion'd breast,
 By Reason's sacred pow'r is soon suppress'd;
 But fann'd by Sloth, by Reason unrestrain'd;
 The headlong heights of frantic Lewdness gain'd!
 Their Mounds in vain preventive Laws oppose;
 In vain her Lash shall angry Pow'r disclose:
 Pow'r's lash is spurn'd, and Law's eluded care;
 Nor yields the Fury but to fell Despair!

O could the Muse, in Virtue's int'rests warm,
 Thy soften'd soul from firen pleasures charm!

She

She would conjure thee by the Chains that bind
 The social Frame, and rivet mind to mind:
 By all the sacred Charities of life,
 And dearest Ties of daughter! sister! wife!
 If fervid Honour ever fir'd thy soul,
 Or Passion stoop'd to Reason's chaste controul;
 If e'er Religion, watchful in thy breast,
 Each wanton thought in embryo suppress'd,
 Some Father's fairest hopes from ruin save,
 Nor give his hoary honours to the grave!

No more the fort of female Virtue prove,
 With artful vows; th' artillery of Love!
 Of feigned Love!—that, tempting to foul Sin,
 Affails without, and undermines within.

For Pity's sake the friendless Orphan spare,
 Nor lure the wretched to thy lustful Snare.
 Ah hapless Maid! to hardest trials born,
 When Fortune lours upon her opening morn,

The

The dang'rous boon of tempting Charms bestows,
 And gives without its guardian Thorn, the Rose!
 Soon must the short-liv'd Flow'r its sweets forego,
 And ruffian Lust shall crop them ere they blow!

When Falshood's wiles th' unwary Maid betray,
 (Ah meanest conquest o'er unguarded prey!)
 Soon must the sad alternative be try'd,
 When Vice has vanquish'd Shame, and Pleasure, Pride,
 In Prostitution's public shrine to bleed,
 Till poignant pains to fleeting joys succeed;
 Till ev'ry evil try'd, Intemp'rance knows,
 Wish'd Death cut short the varied line of woes!
 Or scorch Love's fruit by fell Abortion's flame,
 And blast by Murder the first-born of Shame!

Who but must shrink from the sad Scene distress'd,
 And mourn the mischief from his inmost breast!
 Who but would bind in Vengeance' penal chain
 The base Betrayers of the virgin train!

Yet

Yet know, ye prowling Wolves! to Pity blind,
That spare no Lambkins of the female kind!
Who Love perverts, with Nature wages strife,
Love! the great second cause in worlds of life!
As Sages say Attraction's secret chain
In worlds of matter binds the flarry train;
A cement thus of souls Affections prove,
And living Nature's all upborne by Love!

Who lewdly blind this Passion points astray,
And gives to govern what Heav'n bid obey;
Too late shall find, when frantic Lust enslaves,
That Giant-like 'tis Heav'n itself he braves!

Hail holy flame! ætherial pure Desire!
Enliv'ning Man as erst Prometheus' Fire!
All Nature kindles at thy bursting beam,
And Lands with Life and Ocean's waters teem!
Thy ray on Greenland's icy mountains glows,
And keener burns 'mid Zembla's frozen snows!

E

To

To Glory's heav'nly heights how dost thou lead,
 The sacred Source of ev'ry daring deed!
 By thee the Soldier's dauntless bosom's steel'd,
 When danger braves him in th' embattled field:
 Love points the Falchion, speeds the scythed Car,
 And Beauty's spoils repay the wounds of war!
 For thee the Statesman plans his deep design,
 And by thy light the Court's gay circles shine.
 Thy pow'r e'en pall'd Ambition's vot'ries prove,
 And Care finds respite in the arms of Love!
 For thee the Scholar spends his midnight oil;
 A purer passion animates his toil
 Than Fame;—that, faint as Echo's faintest breath,
 Nor lives in life, nor can be heard in death:
 Supremely blest if lab'ring long he find
 The laurel wreath with Lover's myrtle twin'd!
 For thee the Sailor ev'ry storm outbraves,
 And Lucy's smile o'er pays the frowning waves.
 At eve, flow plodding from the labour'd plain,
 Mild Phillis' kifs revives her fainting Swain:

How

How high reward, when Toil his task foregoes,
To find on Beauty's bosom soft repose!
Search then all life, each state, condition prove!
The purest pleasure flows from virtuous Love.

O Bliss sincere! if Bliss sincere can be,
In the dull sphere of dark Mortality:
When Sense and Soul conspire to feed a flame!
That burns thro' age, unchangeably the same.
E'en brighter burns and brighter still the fire
That Virtue lighted up and pure Desire;
Nor Time, whose envious Rage would all remove,
Can clip the wings of chaste connubial Love!

Frail Man! no more of mental ills complain,
Nor mourn the progress of corporeal pain!
Pandora's deadly dole, whence Evil rose,
The fated source of never-ceasing woes!
One good that ev'ry ill o'erpay'd, confin'd,
And Woman was the *Hope* still left behind!

O Woman!

*O Woman! Love by Woman! Nature made thee
to tempter*

(18)

O Woman! Source of ev'ry dear delight,
That draws th' enamour'd soul, and charms the sight!
In whom concentrates each attractive grace,
That decks the mind, and deifies the face!
Your rubied lips distill Aurora's dew,
Your breath has sweets that Hybla never knew:
Your eyes outshine the silver orbs of night;
Serenely gay, and mild with soften'd light!

O may the Guardian of so great a prize,
Hesperian HONOUR, watch with Argus' eyes!
Breasts so serene no ruder passions tear,
Nor poison lurk in Flow'rs so passing fair!
So shall your arms an Amulet still prove,
To ward off with'ring Care, the bane of Love!

For ah! in vain your beauties Heav'n bestow'd,
If vicious Passion foul their fair abode!
Vice draws her deadliest bane from Beauty's pow'r,
The rankest poison from the richest Flow'r!

Nor

Nor greater Lure's her magic charms among;
Not Circe's potion, nor the Siren's song!

Precarious Blessing! to best ends design'd,
But prov'd too oft the bane of woman kind!
Who drink the poison of thy treach'rous eye,
With Circe stabling in the swinish sty!
More than deform their Maker's choicest grace,
And marr the mintage of the fairest face!

The Cherub Beauty chang'd, foregoes her light,
Like rebel Angels plung'd in rayless night:
From highest heights to lowest depths declin'd,
And fallen Woman's an infernal kind!

But chiefly Ye, o'er Honour's bounds that fly,
By Lust unloos'd from Hymen's holy tie!
Ye, join'd in hand, tho' ill your heart accords,
Who fail of fealty to your lawful Lords!
Yet shall the Muse, indignant of your charms,
'Gainst female falshood wield her dreaded arms.

F

Tho

Tho' lavish Nature ev'ry grace bestows,
 And blends the Lilly with the vermeil Rose;
 The faultless form, with the celestial face,
 Attemper'd to Proportion's sweetest grace:
 Charms, that intense as Cleopatra's prove,
 And flinty Valour fuse in flames of Love!
 Abhor alike with guilty Gr——r's name,
 And damn with D—h—ff, to undying shame!

F I N I S.

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